

WASHINGTON GIVES UP VACATIONS TO DO WAR TASKS

Even the Hot Wave Could Not Drive the Women Volunteers Away From the Duties They Have Assumed at the Capital

WASHINGTON, July 27. WASHINGTON may have known gayer summers—for instance, there was last summer, when one after another, and frequently overlapping one another, it entertained as the nation's guests that series of high commissions which began in April with the arrival of the British, headed by Balfour, and the French, with Viviani and dear old Papa Joffre, and wound up in October with Viscount Ishihara and his gentlemen from Japan—but if it has ever known a busier or more interesting summer the oldest inhabitant does not remember it.

The hot wave might have been expected to send every one off who had not something very definite to keep him here, and it was interesting to note how very few took their departure and in how few cases the whole family seems to feel that it can get off at once.

"Talk about a civil war breaking up families! I don't see how anything could break them up more effectively than this one has," said one of the subalterns, very seriously a day or two ago.

She was considering the parents who are at their country homes or at the resort hotels without their daughters, who "simply can't get away" from the particular form of war work which is engaging their energies, considering the mothers who are rushing madly back and forth between Washington, where their husbands are grinding away, and perhaps the New England coast or Long Island, where their young children are deposited with relatives or governesses, until they feel themselves, as one woman put it, "mere human pendulums," considering the husbands and fathers who are regular week-enders with their families.

The particular case that was at the moment worrying the aforementioned subaltern was that of the Hoar girls, Frances and Louise. Their mother, widow of Rockwell Hoar, married Representative Gillett of Massachusetts a couple of years ago, and since Congress elected to have its vacation in three days "takes" at this time she has gone up with him to their summer home at Nahant to stay until Congress reconvenes in August. But the girls, both of whom are rising Uncle Sam in the State Department, can't get away just now. They will get their vacation a little later, quite probably just about the time that their mother and stepfather will have to get back.

Miss Mary Graham, daughter of the late Attorney-General, and Mrs. Samuel Johnston Graham, has a job in the State Department in the same division with the Hoar sisters, and so has Mrs. Franklin Ellis (formerly Catherine McClellent), whose husband is in France in the service. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Garrison, McClellent, have been in their summer home at Bar Harbor for a couple of weeks, but Mrs. Ellis can't leave her job, though she hopes to join them for her vacation in August.

Cabinet Daughters at Work. Then there are the Burleson girls, Lucy and Sydney, both of whom having qualified as stenographers and been duly appointed as yeomen in the navy are now attached to Rear Admiral Samuel McGowan's staff. Miss Lucy Burleson began last February at \$45.00 a month, and a raise of \$5.00 a month since then, and is now drawing all of \$52.50.

Miss Sydney Burleson, who is much newer to the work, is presumably still in the \$45.00 class. Fortunately neither of the girls has to squander any large part of her wages on carfare, as they live only a few blocks from their jobs. They look awfully well in their starched white, brass buttoned naval uniforms and stiff little sailor hats, and seem to be thoroughly enjoying life. Moreover, their immediate boss, Commander Francis James Conner, says they are doing



excellent work and earning their princely salaries.

But they can't manage the series of visits which have usually occupied their summers, and of course such a trip as they took last summer out to a Wyoming ranch is quite out of the question. They are not, however, separated from their families, for it is not the Burleson family habit to go away in the summer as a family. They keep the house open and come and go as opportunity offers and the spirit moves.

But little Jane Gregory—she's a little person, you know—is all alone here, and her job with the Food Administration doesn't even involve a uniform by way of consolation. I saw her the other day at the Committee on Public Information—she's with the publicity bureau of the Food Administration—trying to get the pictures she needed for some thrilling food story.

As she stood there in a wide-brimmed hat, with a yellow silk sweater over her white frock, and her childish face and slim little figure, one almost felt that there was a case for the child labor people to get busy on. She looked a bit tired, too, though she smiled when some one asked her if the work was not too much for her, and insisted that the work was all right, but the heat was a trifle exhausting.

Belgian Orphans Her Excuse. As far as salary goes she has the Burleson girls left at the post. She began at \$80 a month, and for all I know she may have had a raise since then. But then those Belgian orphans of hers undoubtedly need all she can earn, and they are her excuse for sticking at it through the heat of the summer when her mother and the others, except her father, are away and the family home is closed.

She has been staying with the Morgan Beaches, out Rockville way, the girls being chums of hers, and her father, the Attorney-General, is making his headquarters at the Chevy Chase Club. And now Miss Kitty Beach has deserted or rather she is off on her vacation—she having taken a job in the War Department, I think—up on Long Island with Susan, and they are visiting the latter's brother and his wife and brand new baby daughter.

In fact Nancy Lane is the only one of the Cabinet daughters—Sally McAdoo is scarcely old enough to count—who has not, so far as I know, taken a war job. For of Secretary Wilson's two daughters, one is helping him here

in town and the other is running the farm, and running it very well, at Blossburg, Pa., where the family comes from, and where they always spend their summers.

Of course it is not only the girls who are working. There is Mrs. Borden Harriman, for instance. One meets her at every turn, full of business during business hours and full of social interests when she has put business behind her for the day. One sees her out in Potomac Park on horseback perhaps late in the afternoon when the aerobes are going up, or out in the motor parade in the Speedway in the early evening or at one or another of the country clubs as hostess or guest at one or another of the innumerable dinners.

In the same class is Mrs. John Allen Dougherty, widow of Capt. Dougherty, at one time Naval Attache at Peking. She has been the backbone, and the nerve and sinew, of half of the big war benefits and drives and things this season. And now she has gone in deeper than ever as national chairman of the lately organized national salvage committee of the American Civic Association.

And she is working under the "save junk and win the war" slogan.

Began War Work Abroad.

Mrs. Dougherty was in Peking when the war broke, having stayed on there after the death of her husband. She went over to Britain and offered her services for war work there, and later joined the American group at the American hospital at Neuilly. So she has had all sorts of experience in how the others are doing it to apply to the save the waste problems here.

And she is one of the best drivers for the Liberty Loans and for the Red Cross, even so is she now full of energy and ideas in this new work. As for staying in town all summer, that is a mere bagatelle. She'd probably settle down in a fernery, and declare it was perfectly comfortable if she thought that by so doing she would help even a little bit in the winning of the war.

Mrs. Herbert Wadsworth is another whom war work has kept in town long after her usual time. She has rarely in past seasons been here after the war broke, but this year she has been devoting herself so entirely to reconstruction work that she seems to have quite forgotten the warm weather.

It seems a curious development for Mrs. Wadsworth. She is one of the Wadsworths of the Genesee Valley. I believe her husband is an uncle of Senator Wadsworth. They are all of

the landed gentry type and have made I'm sure this is true of the Herbert Wadsworths and I believe it is equally true of other branches of the family—a great deal of money in horse trading, buying cheap down in Texas and building up and developing their stock until they could sell for much in New York.

Mrs. Wadsworth is genuinely fond of horses; indeed she is one of the most notable horse women the District has ever known. She has been greatly addicted to long cross-country rides. When President Roosevelt ordered those test rides for army officers to determine how well they could stand the strain there was an outcry, a storm of protest. Ninety miles in twenty-four hours was too much! Whereat Mrs. Wadsworth laughed; and just to show what a mere trifling it was she did it herself at one sitting, and did a few other things calculated to make some of the swivel chair heroes of that period look like thirty cents.

Mrs. Wadsworth Helping Cripples.

Usually if the season was at all suitable she rode back and forth between Washington and her New York State home, when she went up there in the early summer. Sometimes she chaperoned a company of Washington girls who thought pretty well of themselves as horsewomen. One season, while her father was President, I remember Miss Helen Taft was of the party.

It rarely happened that the girls rode the whole route, but Mrs. Wadsworth always did. It is said that she is a mile crack on her home place in Livingston county and on it she has tried out all sorts of stunts in horsemanship.

Several years ago when there was a Mexican crisis on she offered in case of trouble to equip and maintain a moving field hospital, which horse or mule drawn, would be able to follow troops into whatever wild country or mountain fastness fighting might take them; her only condition being that she should be allowed to go along in any capacity they liked, so that she would not be left behind.

When she realized that that condition made the offer almost impossible of acceptance she withdrew it. When she made a somewhat similar offer a couple of years later when troops actually did get down to the border, and beyond, in the effort to catch Villa alive or dead, it was unconditional.

But of course she would be one of those to go over when the European war broke, and she must have been one of the most useful, for she has along with plenty of means plenty of good sense and executive ability. For several years she had been in Washington, and the big Wadsworth house on Du Pont Circle had been little used. So retaining only a few rooms for the use of the owners in case they wanted to come here and making those to a certain extent storehouses for their belongings in the rest of the house, she lent it to the Red Cross as headquarters for the District of Columbia organization.

Early in the winter she came back here with enthusiasm over the work of reconstruction—human reconstruction, that is—the miracles she had seen performed in the hospitals of France and England in the way of rebuilding the human wrecks of the European battlefields. Red Cross work, bandages, surgical dressings, garments, &c., were tame as compared with the reconstruction work.

She organized classes among the girls of her own social circle, and eventually took back her house on Du Pont Circle; the Red Cross found other quarters; and the house which had once been the scene of brilliant entertaining became the headquarters of Mrs. Wadsworth's reconstruction classes, whose pupils went out to Walter Reed Hospital, as they progressed, for demonstration and practical work under the surgeons there.

Some of her girls have gone to France—Lena Hitchcock and Lydia Bush—Brown just recently. And undoubtedly more will follow, though now that many of the worst wrecks from all the armies engaged in the

struggle are being sent here to be patched up there will be plenty of material to work upon without going across and adding to the general clutter over there.

There be those who sigh for the pleasant times that were when Mrs. Wadsworth's present aims and ambitions are mentioned, for ten or a dozen years ago that was one of the nicest houses in all Washington to go to. The Wadsworth Thursday evenings were famous. They were brilliant, if informal to the extent of not being invitation affairs. Mr. and Mrs. Wadsworth were at home Thursday evenings, and all their friends were welcome. There was cooking good music for dancing for those that wanted to dance. There were card tables for those who preferred their bridge, or whatever.

There was more music for those to whom music did not necessarily mean dancing. There was conversation, plenty of it, not very intelligent but witty, and there were refreshments, both liquid and solid. In fact there was satisfaction for every taste in those Wadsworth Thursday evenings; but alas, they seem to have gone forever.

One of the Lucky Wives.

Young Mrs. Thomas Blagden, who was Ethel Noyes, is one of those whom the war has brought back home without entailing the usual separation from her husband. She was one of Washington's undisciplined belles when some three years ago she married Thomas Blagden, Jr., son of Col. Thomas Blagden, whose place out on Spring road was one of Washington's show suburban homes, particularly on account of the deer which were to be seen grazing in the grounds, sometimes crowding down at the great gate and demanding a little friendly attention from the passers by and sometimes scampering off in pretty panic at some oversteering motor horn.

The wedding was one of the important affairs of that season, occurring at St. John's within two or three weeks of her brother's marriage to Alexandra Ewing, daughter of Thomas Ewing of New York, at that time Commissioner of Patents. There was a wall of dismay when two of the most popular girls in Washington, marrying into well known Washington families, were none the less transplanted to New York. For both of the young husbands were established in business there.

Now Lieut. Newbold Noyes is in France and Mrs. Noyes is with her parents at their summer home at Sorrento, Me. But Ethel Blagden is back here in Washington, her husband being connected with Bethlehem Steel and stationed here as its representative. The young people have been living with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brett Noyes, in town, and have gone out with them to their summer home, Alden Farm, near Sligo, Md. So that Mrs. Blagden is one of the rarely fortunate and can do her war work side by side with her husband doing his, without foregoing the comfort of getting out of town or the joy of being with her parents.

Her sister, Frances Noyes, is another of the fortunate ones who are able to do their bit—and feel that it is worth doing—from their own fireside—phew! what a word to use in this sort of weather! She is translating for the intelligence department of the army. Sara Price Collier—she and her mother have been here all winter—is presumably doing the same thing for the French high commission. I know she is helping them out in some way, and it is most probably that, for she speaks French like a native.

I suppose Miss Louise Delano when

her own home was closed joined the Price Colliers, who are her cousins. I know the place where she is most likely to turn up lately has been the old Cabin John Bridge Inn, where the Club de Vinet foregoes. It is the same Club de Vinet, originally a New York institution, which was started at the Washington Club last winter, and it is very much the thing to belong to.

It was imported to Washington under the management of Mrs. Hawkesworth. All the New Yorkers of the new war set here, and a number from other places, who like to be as New York as possible, are interested in it, and its dinners and teas, and especially its supper dances, have been very popular for several months past. Now that it has taken over the old hotel at Cabin John Bridge—a lovely situation on the Conduit road and overlooking the lovely Potomac—and refurnished it a bit, put in little tables and shaded cradles and quaint lanterns and brought down the Club de Vinet orchestra from New York it is making all sorts of a hit.

Dinner at an Inn. The old inn remains open to the public, of course, but its being adopted by the Club de Vinet has given it a fresh start, even though there are certain special rooms and wide shady piazzas reserved exclusively for club members. It is drawing the younger set away from the Chevy Chase Club in rather an alarming fashion, and is likely quite to outshine the local country clubs if they don't watch out, especially as there seems to be a theory that being an old established hotel long before country clubs were a feature of the landscape, it is not going to be hit by the fuel order forbidding the use of coal for either heating or cooking from December to May next season.

There have been a number of rather notable little dinners given there of late. For instance, it is there that Mrs. Borden Harriman has chosen to give several of her smart little dinners, two only this last week, and a few nights ago Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Chabourne, Jr., were hosts with Miss Margaret Wilson, Miss Helen Bones and Gen. Bridges among their guests. And they do tell that on a recent Saturday evening the young set at the Chevy Chase club, where Saturday is always club night and has been more popular with the smart members of the younger set, looked thence over there and decided that it looked

very dull and went off in a body cross-country to the Club de Vinet. There, too, last Tuesday night Senator and Mrs. Peter Gerry entertained at a dinner "introducing" Lieut. and Mrs. Albert Lincoln Hoffman, the latter formerly Leta Sullivan of Philadelphia, who are now established in their Chevy Chase home. Their marriage at Radnor early in the month was an event that brought out members of the smart set from Washington, Baltimore and New York as well as Philadelphia. Mrs. Gerry was one of the attendants and Gladys Hinkley of Washington was another.

At Tuesday night's dinner Mrs. Gerry's mother, Mrs. Richard Townsend, and Mrs. Reynolds Hitt were among the guests. That same night Mrs. Borden Harriman was hostess where Lieut. Percy, being of the British military mission as the honor guest.

Newest Wedding Invitation.

Lieut. and Mrs. George A. Percy (the latter Hallie Davis) that was a back from their wedding trip and happily established down at Quantico, where Lieut. Percy, being of the military mission, is stationed. They have reversed the usual order of weak ending in the country and have been up spending the week end in the city with Mrs. Perkins, at whose home their marriage took place, and have been spending the week end at Quantico, where Lieut. Percy, being of the military mission, is stationed. They have reversed the usual order of weak ending in the country and have been up spending the week end in the city with Mrs. Perkins, at whose home their marriage took place, and have been spending the week end at Quantico, where Lieut. Percy, being of the military mission, is stationed.

One of their ushers, by the way, Lieut. Arthur Putnam, U. S. M. C., has committed matrimony himself during the past week—Wednesday or Thursday, I forget which. He married a Miss Cook of Philadelphia. Usually in Philadelphia, of course, it was a hurry up wedding, and produced one novelty in the way of invitations for even a war wedding.

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Smart Dinners at an Old Inn and Perfectly Managed Picnics Arranged by French Officers' Compensations for Stay at Homes

riage of their daughter," &c., in exactly the form of an engraved card. That sort of invitation exuberantly typed on the usual telegraph blank and delivered by the usual gum chewing messenger boy, set at about 63, and clad in the absurd travesty on the army uniform which the Western Union has recently adopted, is one of the amusing anomalies of these always interesting times.

Compensations of Stay at Homes.

As a matter of fact, while it is the conventional attitude to be sorry for the girls who have to stay in the stuffy city all summer, they don't any of them really have to stay, and the staying certainly has its compensations. They are having quite as good a time as most of their playmates who are at the resorts.

Everybody knows the old story of the girl who, when all the other girls she knew gathered up elaborate summer trousseaus and went off to one watering place or another or to some wonderful mountain resort, stayed quietly at home, and each evening, looking as dainty and cool as possible, entertained all the men she knew and met a lot of new ones on summer evenings at her city home, and by fall, when the other girls were coming home with merely the memory of a stray summer flirtation with some perfectly impossible male, was able to take her pick of half a dozen eligibles because she had stayed at home and fished where the fishing was good. The moral of that story is perfectly clear and any girl can read it.

The girls who are staying here and winning golden opinions for their patriotic self-sacrifice are incidentally having an awfully good time, and are able to lay the flattering unction to their souls that they are earning it. One of the pleasant features of this particular summer is being contributed by the French officers of the mission, to whom very general hospitality has been extended in Washington, as everywhere else in these United States. Perhaps rather more in Washington, because this is headquarters, and there are here more.

They, by way of returning some of it—mostly on Sunday because Sunday is their recreation day, and out of doors because the French always lean to out of door entertaining even their city cafes have their most desired tables out almost on the pavement, while the English like to be exclusive and build high brick walls around their gardens—are arranging a series of picnics in the country. They are delightful affairs.

Practically every Sunday finds a group of the French officers with a company of attractive girls and a well selected chaperon—there's a whole lot in picking your chaperon judiciously—off for the woodlands. The girls are enthusiastic about these parties, and invitations to them are highly prized.

The men are the most delightful hosts imaginable, arrange their menus with French skill, and have them prepared by French cooks. All the girls have to do with the feast is to eat it in some ideal spot selected as carefully as the food and allow themselves to be waited on and flattered by the best hosts in the world—amiable, always attentive, unfailingly good tempered, and so ready to please and to be pleased that they are almost too chivalrous to do that.

Speaking of high brick walls—I was a moment ago—reminds me of the wall that encloses the delightful old garden of the Henry Kirke Porter's house at Sixteenth and I streets, running back to meet that of the John Hay house. It is a wall that is alive. It used to worry me that that house was closed so much, and so tight. There have been times when the ivy had grown completely across the shutters of the house, when the family was away for a year or two at a time. It seemed a shame that no one but caretakers should be enjoying the house.

Now the house is closed again, but not very tight. One realizes that the family—there are only Mr. and Mrs. Porter and the latter's daughter, Miss Hegeman—will be back soon. They are up in New England summering, and there is going to be no time for the ivy to twine itself over and through the shutters.

Meanwhile there is a sign that makes a big hit with me on the wide parking between the house and the pavement on the Sixteenth street side, a parking of velvet lawn, probably thirty feet wide, edged with some fine trees. Here there are perhaps half a dozen neat little signs that read "Please Give the Grass a Chance!"

Don't you love that? Can't you see the smile that accompanies the request? And do you wonder that the grass is like velvet? Surely no one would be so churlish as to trample on it or try any short cutting of corners across it. It is quite as effective as the iron grates fence the shutters in the same place at Senator Wadsworth's.

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MILITARY AIR IN WHITE SULPHUR

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, W. Va., July 27.—A military air has prevailed here during the past week owing to the Red Cross canteen drills which are intended to train girls and women to make a good showing when they march with the soldiers who are permitted to walk through the White Sulphur Springs grounds while troop trains stop here. Miss Hilah C. French of New York, who is secretary of the canteen service, announces that more than sixty volunteers are enrolled for summer service.

Frederick R. and James H. Scott of Richmond, who have come here from the Reserve Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg to be with Mr. and Mrs. James B. Scott, are training the women. Edith O. Marshall, Miss Gwendolyn King, Mrs. George G. McMurry and Miss Josephine De Wyckoff, who arrived this week from New York with her mother, Mrs. Joseph De Wyckoff, are among the many who are being drilled.

One of the largest and merriest parties given at the Greenbrier this season took place on Tuesday evening, when a subscription bridge game took place for the benefit of the canteen fund. Mrs. James B. Weir of Charleston, W. Va., launched the entertainment and all of the city's elite filled the ballroom. Miss Samuel M. Rice of New York engaged twenty-four for her friends. More than \$500 was raised for the fund. War Savings Stamps were given for prizes.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard Bloum entertained at a birthday dinner on Sunday evening at their cottage for Samuel M. Rice and his wife. There were fifteen guests seated at the table, which reached almost the length of the cottage porch.

One of the guests sang "On to Berlin," the words of which were written by Mr. Rice.

Mrs. Edward B. Seligman, who is here from New York with Mr. Seligman for several weeks, has added over \$100 to the canteen fund by telling fortunes. Her booth is established in the Greenbrier. Three men stopping here were so pleased with the results that they gave \$20 each.

Laurence Dickson, M. F. H. of the Greenbrier Hunt, is training several groups of young women, who will appear in the Greenbrier country horse show to be given August 9 and 10 at the Meadows, the country place of Mr. and Mrs. Thornton Lewis. On Wednesday evening about twenty girls rode in cavalry form to Elmhurst Farm, on the banks of the Greenbrier River, to have an old Virginia dinner of fried chicken and waffles. Miss Elizabeth Hanna, who is here from New York with her mother, Mrs. Franklin D. Pell, and Miss Josephine De Wyckoff, Miss Dorothy Sharp, the Misses Claire and Miriam McMurry and Miss Virginia Smith were among the members of the New York colony who were in the party.

Col. and Mrs. Frank B. Keach, who are living at Newport News, Va., where Col. Keach is stationed, came to the Greenbrier for the past week end with Gen. and Mrs. George W. Hutchinson, Lieut.-Col. I. Berry of the British recruiting commission and Lieut. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr. of Philadelphia. On Saturday afternoon they drove to Lewisburg, returning to the Casino at the tea hour in time to see the finals in the women's tennis tournament. Miss Marion Strobel won the singles from Miss Hilah French of New York, who was runner up in the doubles, in which Miss Strobel and Miss Gwendolyn King of New York were victors.

New York arrivals at the Greenbrier this past week include J. Edwin R. Carpenter, who has come to be with Mrs. Carpenter and Miss Marion Carpenter at their cottage in Virginia row. Elmer E. Smathers of New York, who has one of the largest estates in Virginia, known as Curlew Neck, has returned to the Greenbrier, where Mrs. Smathers and Miss Virginia Smathers are passing the summer.

Philip H. Duer of New York and Baltimore is at the Greenbrier, where he will pass several weeks. Mrs. Charlotte Johnson, Mrs. A. M. Roberts and William Roberts are here from New York. Mrs. Philip Hiss of New York is at the Greenbrier. Miss Regina Moore came for the week end with Miss Laretto Connelly of Nitro, W. Va., where a large Government munition plant has recently been opened. Miss Mary E. Maxwell of New York is again at the White Sulphur for the summer season.

Mrs. Edward R. Stettinius of New York and Washington, who is entertaining Mrs. Charles V. Carrington, gave a tea at the Casino this week. Mrs. Charles Webster Littlefield of New York gave a bridge party of four tables and entertained thirty friends at tea at the Casino on Wednesday. Mrs. Chauncey Chase of New York and Mrs. William C. Wheatley also entertained.